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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

BUD AND BLOSSOM

Where twilight walked her ancient way
I saw the gray bud of the day
Unfold into a sunset rose
That made a spring of mountain snows.

Its golden petals from far aisles
Shed drifting beauty o'er the miles,
Till all the wide world seemed to be
A fairyland of memory.

As one whose brooding fancy sees
The promise of the centuries
In some shy flower, so I found
My mountain rose with fancy crowned.

In life's vast garden, Truth is still
A bud with mission to fulfil—
To be, through centuries unfurled,
A rose whose beauty lights the world!

—Arthur Wallace Peach
in Boston Evening Transcript

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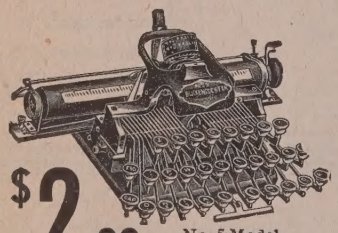

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1917 NUMBER 1

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss!
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes
Where the swift wings glance, and the treetops toss;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn
To look at herself o'er the grassy brink.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Eleanor Scott Sharples in the *Friends' Intelligencer* for August 18, writes:

> When we have destroyed American autocracy, the autocracy of our own financiers, the autocracy of our own laboring men, the autocracy of our own press, the autocracy of our own politicians, the autocracy of our own army, the autocracy of our own individual souls—when we learn so much of our Master's lesson as to believe our brother is capable of growing and changing, of sinning and repenting, just as we are, then the other autocracies will die of themselves, for there will be no fear and no hate and no selfishness for them to feed on. We are ready for this struggle. We are prepared now. America will win. Other nations have made every man a soldier. America has made every man and every woman and every child a *thinker, a living soul.* We are ready. The word is spoken. Our Master says, "Go forward in my name." Fear not for the weakness of the past; to him that loveth much is much forgiven.

Patience Worth's Magazine is the prententious title of a new monthly which first appeared in August. Volume I, No. I is before us. Patience Worth is that weird archaic wraith who has found her way back among mortals through the "Currans" of St. Louis who lend themselves to this spook who makes her communications through the *Ouija board.* Already she has written a story and delivered numberless messages, and now this antique maiden, whom nobody has ever seen or heard, is beginning to run a magazine which claims that "never before has there been a publication devoted to the interest of a single personality and that personality one who is invisible and intangible." Surely it is strange enough, however explained. If a conscious or unconscious fraud, all the same it is a fascinating fraud, a surprising humbug if that it is. If there is something more it is one more demonstration on the top of countless others that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

It is never safe to allow a popular minister to cross the great mountains, either east or west. Dr. Carl Patton, the worthy successor of Washington Gladden at Columbus, Ohio, seemed to have been selected by providence and the consensus of the competent Congregationalists to assume the presidency of the Andover Theological Seminary, now affiliated with Harvard College, and Brother Patton seemed to be resigning himself to his manifest destiny when he went for a month's vacation to Los Angeles. Alas, for Andover! Alas, for the judgment of the competent east of the Alleghanies. The voice of the Lord even was not enough to reach across the Rockies, but when Doctor Patton came into the clear atmosphere of the Pacific he saw that the wires had become crossed and that his real call was to this larger opportunity as pastor of the great Congregational Church of Los Angeles with its two thousand members. Wherever Doctor Patton goes we are sure the Lord will go with him, and on whatever side of the mountains he may find his work UNITY will be there to welcome, to cheer and to profit by his ministrations. We congratulate California and would say to the Andover brethren, do not be discouraged, take heart. Go look farther, there are others.

Our Dumb Animals for August says: "The United States Government is arranging for the purchase of from two hundred and fifty to five hundred thousand horses." Poor horses! The average life of an army horse is painfully brief. To that we might be reconciled were its short life not so burdened with cruelties, so menaced with starvation, hardships and, saddest of all, brutal treatment. Perhaps inhumanity to man will never be effectively ameliorated until his inhumanity to the subhuman world is realized and corrected. Another note from *Our Dumb Animals* quotes from the author of "Ambulance No. 10," a war book, as saying:

> My only object in writing so fully is that I do want you to realize the futility, the utter damnable wickedness and butchery of this war.

And still just above this quotation appears the editor's comment which says:

> The day has passed, it seems to us, when, however much we may long and pray for peace we can do anything else than stand loyally and avowedly with our country in the gigantic struggle upon which it has entered. It can now only be peace after conflict.

Is this another case of abandoning the law of love

in the interest of the law of force? Must a citizen vacate reason and the inspiration of the centuries just long enough for his country to slay a few more thousand lives and waste a few more billion dollars and then begin again?

Even W. J. Bryan, who for many months appeared as the valiant champion of peace and the relentless critic of "war lords," whether in the United States or in Europe, has fallen to the level of the "patriot" who argues that the moral law must go into suspension while one's country is "in the fight." In his *Commoner* he declares that it was "perfectly proper to discuss the wisdom of going to war before our nation entered the war," but after that event what was righteous speech before became unpatriotic and "no sympathy should be wasted upon such." Is not this a negation of ethics and an abandonment of conscience? Is it within the power of Congress to suspend the Decalogue? Was it wrong to kill an individual before the vote of Congress, afterwards right to murder people by the thousand? Is it possible to suspend the Beatitudes as a war emergency and still preserve unsullied the soul? Where would the progress of the race be if the voice of the prophet and the example of the martyr would be blotted out by an edict of kings, emperors, czars, or even presidents. Fortunately history has a clear answer to these questions. The landmarks of the centuries have been erected by men who did not take their orders from thrones or congresses, men and women who were too loyal to their race and nation to suffer its wrongs to go unrebuked.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back.

UNITY is not in sufficient possession of the "facts," or endowed with sufficient political insight to understand, much less to pronounce upon, the unseemly quarrel between Secretary Daniels and the Army and Navy League. But after somewhat close watching of this "League" for many years we are prepared to believe that it has been a vicious influence in statecraft. It has been the American equivalent of what in European countries are known as the "war lords." Its membership is sufficiently loaded with ex-army officers and present munition makers to render its bias unwholesome and its advice of the kind to be closely scrutinized if not suspected. The deliberations of both Hague Conferences, as the candid historian now clearly sees, were sadly impeded and often warped in the wrong direction by the undue prominence given to the military and naval officials of the nations represented. If you want to save the chickens it is not safe to entrust them to the care of even an educated fox, though his claws be trimmed.

Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida, in *Good Government* for August, presents a most interesting and convincing statement concerning national loans to farmers, in which he says:

> For the first time in the history of the United States and in the midst of conditions which would seem to make it impossible, the farmers of this country are actually getting financial accommodations by virtue of the Federal Farm Loan Act, at the phenomenal low rate of interest of five per cent per annum, and with the benefit of the amortization feature, whereby the debt is paid in installments extending over a period, at the option of the borrower, from five to forty years.

This seems to justify the conclusion:

> The growth of this system means the financial salvation of the food producers of the nation. I can conceive of no more important accomplishment or desirable end.

Govermental Law Breakers

Democracy is never more threatened than when officials, who owe their authority to the suffrage of the people, forget that they are the servants and not the rulers of the people, when they become not simply the executors of law but the official breakers and creators of law. Martial law is a grim necessity in times of stress, but through the slow evolution of the ages even it is a thing of law with well defined and severe limits. But when civic authorities assume the right to suspend the most fundamental principles of constitutional government, and to set aside the primal guarantees of democracy, they become a menace to liberty and an indignity to the state.

Just now the boasted democracy of the United States is most menaced by those who presume to administer the law. When the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the right of free thought and free speech, the sacredness of individual judgment and the legitimacy of public discussion are prohibited by the functionaries of civil law something very like autocracy takes the place of democracy and tyranny takes the place of freedom.

The principle of the freedom of the press and the limits of official espionage of the same, were for many weeks laboriously discussed on the floors of the present congress. The conclusion of the whole matter, so far as congressional enactment is concerned, was supposed to safeguard the right of free discussion and the untrammeled freedom of press and platform when the rights of the individual and the autonomy of the state were not interfered with. In spite of all this the circulation of even an ungarbled extract from the Declaration of Independence has been interpreted by government officials as a menace to be prohibited. Regular periodicals setting forth the doctrines of socialism and pacifism, doctrines which are arousing the thought and provoking discussion throughout the world, have been denied the privileges of the mail.

Men wearing government uniforms have interfered with law abiding citizens and incited mobs in the streets of Boston. The only disposition to disturb the peace and to interrupt the discussion of great questions by law abiding citizens in the great peace meeting held in New York City last spring, came from a band of soldiers in uniform.

And now the crowning indignity to law and its guarantees to free speech, springing from free thought by law abiding citizens, comes from the Governors of the great states of Minnesota, North Dakota, Wisconsin and Illinois, who have by proclamation prohibited the peaceful discussion of the fundamental question of civilization by honorable representatives of noble organizations.

The session of the People's Council called in Minneapolis for September 1-6 was forbidden by the Governor of the state, although men and women from all parts of the union were going there to discuss the high problems of peace and to represent the spirit of internationalism rife the world over. These discussions are made imperative by the war; the advancement of these interests, peace and internationalism, is the ostensible object of the war as avowed by all parties involved.

The People's Council represents in its program the noblest outcome of the war, the direct realization of those who believe that this war is to be justified of history because it is a war against war, and that the declared object of all the parties concerned is to so conduct the war as to make all future wars impossible.

The interference, in the name of law, by the governors of great states with such a program made by citizens of unquestioned loyalty, is one of the most baneful results of war, for sadder than the shedding of blood and the devastation of homes is the recrudescence of tyranny, the development of arbitrary power and the subtle encroachments upon human rights, which means a treasonable distrust of the democratic safeguards of human rights.

The Governors have brought reproach upon great states. They humiliated the nation. They have confessed their timidity. Their astounding actions are a reflection upon the city police forces, county sheriffs, state militia and the strong arm of the federal government. Their proclamations are confessions that a delegate body, consisting of men and women of national fame, could not be protected in their rights.

But the powers of evil are self limiting, the timidity governors will not check the growth of internationalism nor blur the fair face of peace. "He maketh the wrath of man to praise him." The "People's Council" was more effectively in session on the first days of September because the right to meet in an open field in the state of Minnesota was denied it. Sheriffs and public functionaries, federal, state or national notwithstanding, the white bordered banner will be a double emblem of loyalty to nation and to humanity, an increasing lure, a mightier inspiration, a more acceptable and law interpreting symbol than ever before, because prohibited by functionaries blinded by the excitements of war, rendered cowardly by the flash of bayonets and the crack of blank cartridges.

The message of the People's Council rings the more clear for these Governors' proclamations. This message carries all the farther on account of the prohibition and it will cheer the war burdened millions from Petrograd to Rome, from London to Berlin, from Paris to Washington. This message says there is a better way of solving the disputes of nations than the wage of battle. Peace through conquest is not peace, it is only an enforced armistice. Peace without victory is indeed peace, one that will be permanently victorious over war elements in all nations. The peace invitation of the Pope is a challenge to Christianity, a call upon all the would-be followers of the Prince of Peace to rise in the might of the Spirit and to declare in terms of diplomacy and international councils the brotherhood they have so long but so superficially professed.

The People's Council reaches out as never before into the school rooms of the nation. High school boys and girls will, out of the class-room at least, discuss its problems, will weigh the executive actions in Minnesota, North Dakota, Wisconsin and Illinois. The proscribed organs of socialism, the few ministers of the gospel who still believe in the gospel of love as opposed to hate, of reason as opposed to force, will be heard by growing audiences.

UNITY renews its allegiance to the principles of the People's Council and expresses its sympathy with the loyal citizens *mis*represented by the Governors.

The Pope's Message

UNITY is disposed to take the Pope's peace message seriously. We have no disposition to question his sincerity and woe to individual or government, king, president or congress that will undertake to parry this high appeal by unkind and unwarranted suspicion of the motive of this representative of the great historic church. War has its "ultimatums." The strategy of battle may talk of "finalities" but peace deals not in ultimatums. Not only seven times but seventy times seven will it offer its remedy and suggest ways of escape. It is to be expected that the militant powers, our own included, will protect the strategic methods of the militant man. Of course they will see obstacles and evade if possible the discussions that may call for

diplomacy, adjustments and mutual sacrifices. But let king, kaiser and presidents evade as they can, the hearts of the nations are all moved by this prayer for peace. The reply of the president may have been all that could be expected under the circumstances. It shows the hand of the diplomat more clearly than any of his previous official utterances. His attitude in this reply is that of a "belligerent," an enemy, conscious of an enemy to unhorse, rather than that of a prophet of humanity, a philosopher seeking to mobilize the pacific forces that are as yet unheard and unrepresented in all the nations involved.

It was the President's opportunity to speak for the German *people* whom he affects to honor, and the democracy that has found fresh and more adequate expression in the new Russia than ever before by any great people. The President's answer is more sagacious than ingenuous, but we rejoice in it because it is an answer, and an answer will call forth other answers. Once the nations begin to discuss peace, no matter from what angle, the good work must go on until it arrives at the central potencies which will shame the armies out of existence, make junk out of accumulating munition piles and convert as by magic the "efficiencies," the "economies," the "expediencies" and the new industries from the service of destruction to the work of construction. The men and women conscripted in one way or another into the devil business of killing will suddenly find themselves drafted into the diviner business of restoration:

> They shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and they shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.

L. F. Filson, in *Pearson's Magazine* for September, quotes ex-Congressman Bristow of Kansas as saying:

> I beg to advise you that the traitor is not he who exposes graft, but the man who covers it up. You may think it patriotic to draft the youth of this land to die in the trenches of Europe and to permit the bloated munition makers to escape proper taxation and keep their blood-stained gold, but we do not.

Martha Gruening in *Pearson's Magazine* for September has the most searching, candid, and on that account damning, study of the East St. Louis disgrace. She finds that

> Crooked politics is one of the few fields in which the color line is not drawn, and the Negro gambling den and house of prostitution will get the same police protection where the Negro is a voter as those of his white competitor. There is no evidence that the proportion of Negro criminals to the total Negro population was greater than that among the white people.

With relentless sincerity she has probed the festering sore on the body politic, the carbuncle of greed that fattens on corrupt politics and base morals. She concludes the article, which ought to be read by every real patriot, who by the same token must necessarily be a friend of man:

> We have become infected with its mischievous propaganda of race superiority and social inequality until we have come tacitly to accept the fact that the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect. In the last thirty years, however, Negroes have been disfranchised, segregated, robbed and murdered with impunity, while under the present administration they have lost the last vestige of protection in their constitutional rights.
>
> While we have plunged into war to protect American lives on the high seas, American Negroes have been butchered in every state from Pennsylvania to Texas without the slightest protest from our national Government. President Wilson's silence in the face of the present calamity is entirely in keeping with this policy. He has shown no concern over the massacre of the Negroes, and probably feels none. Their protection in the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is of no part of the program of the man who has led us into war because "The world must be kept safe for democracy."

MOODS.

AT CALUMET PARK, SOUTH CHICAGO.

The day seemed perfect. No bluer sky e'er lent its hue
To waves that broke in cadence sweet at my feet;
Beneficent trees and odorous vines their fragrance breathed
And blent with waters bracing tang to minister to life;
The clang of the steel mills, black smoke from chimneys tall,
Children's gleeful voices, and birds and bees
All sang of life and labor, and love and hope;—
But the song of the waves as they rhythmically broke was
Death! Death! Death!

UNDER A PINE TREE ON INDIANA'S SANDS.

(On the anniversary of Riley's death.)

There is a low, gentle murmur of voices sad
As the children their flowers lay
Over thy grave today.
But a whispering sound in the pine above
Sings to my heart from your heart of love
"Only be glad, be glad!"

WATCHING AN OLD GRANDMOTHER AND A LITTLE CHILD.

"So many steps—so many miles!"
(Thus is the way begun.)
"So many tears—so few the smiles—
And life is done!"
But step by step we gain the miles
Until the last be run!
And smiles may far exceed the tears—
And Life is won!

AN OVERGROWN PATH.

I passed through the gateway arch
Where once a crimson rambler climbed,
Then stood appalled before the desolation
Of the beauteous old home.
The house, sometime so cheerful and so hospitable,
Instead of smiling, only leered at me
Through soulless windows and webbed-o'er door:
The yellow rose of the old June times, and
The lilac and syringa trees proclaimed
Their fast approaching deaths.
The path was overgrown, and I went
Haltingly through tangled weeds and grasses—
Then stopped—as a faint sweet odor recalling
Long-lost days, gladdened my heart.
I had brushed a sweet-briar bush, green and sturdy,
Defying time and negligence, though almost hidden
By a dense wild growth of scrubby thorn and bitter-sweet
With its autumn's golden glory.
("Autumn would fain be sunny.")
—— Oh, friend of my youth! through the
Long years' silence of overgrown paths
I pray that you may catch and hold some
Sweet-briar memory of our lost days,
Nor let the golden berries of the autumn bitter-sweet
Elude your grasp!

MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

The County Fair Glorified

There may be nothing new under the sun, but there are certainly many new combinations of old things, and one of these has just happened in Columbia County, Wisconsin. The Board of Directors of the Columbia County Fair is making a determined effort to restore the County Fair to its original status as an educational and social institution and a means of expression for the people of the community. To this end, they have substituted for the usual crude and vulgar "side shows" which prevail at the average county fair, a really magnificent historic pageant in which five hundred people—men, women and children—took part. This is the first time that this modern revival of an ancient and artistic form of popular expression has occurred in conjunction with a county fair.

The pageant was under the very able leadership of Mrs. E. P. Sherry of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society and Mr. Dudley Crafts Watson of the Milwaukee Art Museum, formerly of the Chicago Art Institute, who staged the Fourth of July pageants in Milwaukee last month. Mrs. Sherry and Mr. Watson also directed a very lovely Shakespearean pageant at the country home of Mrs. Coonley Ward in Wyoming, N. Y., last summer.

Two further innovations were also planned by this enterprising board. One was the use of individual dances from the pageant to amuse the spectators on the grand stand each afternoon in the intervals between the races, in place of the usual acrobatic and vaudeville "stunts." And then there was a fine exhibit of the paintings of twenty-five leading Wisconsin artists, about which Mr. Watson lectured every morning.

UNITY is glad to give wider publicity to this plan of awakening new interest in the County Fair, and to be able to print the following account of the performance, from the pen of Miss Zona Gale:

Portage saw itself in the making last week, down at the fair grounds, on the portage itself. There the men and women descended from the Columbia County pioneers, and from Wisconsin pioneers, saw re-enacted scenes from the lives of those to whom they owe the Portage which they now know. And after that they saw America in the making, born of the love of liberty in the Old World, with a forward look to that which we are all making—the world of tomorrow, under the world flag.

"You whose veins flow with their blood—watch what they did!" The red and black cloaked herald cried at the beginning.

The largest crowd ever assembled in the grand stand at the fair witnessed the performance for three nights under a starry and cloudless sky. Almost two thousand people were there.

And when the pageant was over at 10 o'clock the long homeward procession and the throb and flash of autos under the high-strung lights, made the grounds look as popular and bustling as a city street.

From start to finish, the crowd was for the pageant. The bursts of spontaneous applause told that. As the first two gray and blue and white clad lines of figures, with floating scarves, came from either side, to be the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, the crowd broke into cheers. These were renewed when the Indians came—a splendid group of swift, realistically clothed redskins—some of them real Winnebagoes, left here from the old tribes. Where did they get the materials? everyone asked. Dress, feathers, dragging Indian pony cart for the tepee poles, red skins, peace pipe, everything. When the Jesuits came, with their fur-capped trappers, their scouting horsemen and their canoe, there was a real battle with real firing and dramatic deaths.

Nothing could have been lovelier than the children—group after group, entering clothed as spring flowers, dancing, playing as if they were alone. Certainly the kiddies did their part to perfection. And how the crowd loved the rabbits and the gophers!

Preceding the beautiful harvest dance came the solo dancing by Vincenzio Ouercelli, the seventeen-year-old Italian boy, now from Chicago, who gave a dance of Bacchus. The great Russian ballets have nothing lovelier than the work of this lad. "He was like a flame," they said.

Chicago readers of UNITY will be interested to know that Mr. Ouercelli, who has been with Mrs. E. P. Sherry's group of Wisconsin players since their Chicago appearance at the Little Theatre last winter, also played with the Hull House players last season, and will this year take the part of *The Piper* in Josephine Preston Peabody's play of that name, on the Hull House stage. He will also accompany the Wisconsin Players on their tour the coming season and complete his High School work at the Frances Parker High School in Chicago.

The ballet of the harvest, with the graceful grapevine dance, the white in tones of yellow, was one of the loveliest of the dances, and the beautiful horses of Mr. Meilke of Caledonia took the honors for all Wisconsin.

The revolutionary groups—Puritans, Russians, French, Germans—were thrilling presentments. The German group—with their spears and helmets and eagle shields—were cheered in their fine drill, and the scarlet clothed French women were marvelous. Mars, in helmet and cuirass, leaping among the revolutionaries, the dance of battle, the scarlet stately figure of Liberty, and then the ending with the white colonies and states bearing their great shields passing before the lovely and impressive figures of Columbia, Plenty and Opportunity. made an effect which it was difficult to imagine done out of doors in Portage. The Scot, the real German Forty-Eighter, the Jap, the Chinamen and all the rest made the procession of the nations memorable.

The climax was the raising of the world flag—the blue banner, bearing a white world with stars—under which the entire cast of the pageant grouped and sang Markham's "Brotherhood." It was an unforgettable picture, in that setting of white pillars, strung with blue banners and floating colored pennons.

"How did they do it in three weeks?" everyone asked. For Dudley Crafts Watson and Mrs. Laura Sherry of Milwaukee the pageant is a distinct triumph. For all who cooperated it is a triumph—and for Otto Knaths, the Portage boy studying at the Chicago Art Institute, who made the setting and all the shields of states and colonies and nations; and for Charlotte Markham of Manitowoc, who designed the costumes. For the Columbia County Fair Board to have projected the pageant at the county fair is a great step in community expression. *Zona Gale.*

RETURN

How could you ever think that I could sleep
There in that narrow place, or silence keep?

I am the rain that sings to you by night,
When you lie wakeful, hurt with lost delight.

I am that song whose fragile failing wing
Comes ever near, and yet you cannot sing.

I am that star you gaze on and call fair;
(Felt you no slender fingers in your hair?)

But more than these, O more, I am the grass
That gladdens at your coming when you pass

These ways along, so grieving and so dear,
Where they had laid me now this many a year.

How could you ever think that I would sleep
There in that narrow place, or silence keep?

Scribner's Magazine. —*David Morton.*

THE PULPIT

Jesus the Founder of Christianity and the Master of Men

II.

As He Appeared to Paul and His Colleagues—The Realized Messiah

Sermon Preached May 16, 1915, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

Help us Father, so to sing, think, listen and pray this morning that we may find ourselves in that stream of inspiration which has quickened the ages, organized the discordant, and tamed the lawless energies of souls into ways of usefulness and paths of peace. In the power of that vision which Thou hast vouchsafed us, Father, may we go forth from this place confident that we have not been unfaithful to the Heavenly vision. Touch us with the Christ spirit, anoint us with the prophetic vision. Give us courage, give us patience. Help us, Father, to resist, but help us also to endure, that Thy will may be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Amen.

Those of you who have been waiting on the ministry of this desk know that I am closing a season's intensive study of the New Testament by trying to catch four glimpses of the central figure, the Carpenter's Son, the Man of Nazareth, first as he appeared to his contemporaries; second, as he appeared to Paul, the tireless missionary and his colleagues; third, as he appears in the creeds of Christendom; and fourth, as he appears in our own hearts and thought at the present time.

Last Sunday we tried to see the Jesus that dimly appears between the lines of the biographies, remembering that the biographies that we have are broken, inadequate, oftentimes contradictory, but such as might have been expected under the circumstances. Forty years or more had elapsed before the first compilation was made that has come down to us, and a round century and more had elapsed before the last of the biographies was written. We tried to see, not the Jesus of the Gospels, but the Jesus behind the Gospels.

To restate our first study in a sentence, we found a rustic reformer, a zealous leader against forms and formulas, one who protested against the greed and coldness of his time, a lover of man, a friend of women, a champion of children.

Today let us try to catch a glimpse of the Christ of the Epistles, for we must remember that the Epistles are the oldest documents we have in Christian history. Paul is the earliest witness in the record. Thirty years or more must have elapsed after the crucifixion before the earlier letters of Paul were written. We know more of the details of the life of Paul than of any other personality of the New Testament, albeit we must catch him as it were on the wing, we must study him as he unconsciously reveals himself in the ardent, impassioned utterances which he wrote, now to the group in Galatia, again to the little circle in Corinth, and anon to the friends of Thessalonica, Ephesus and Philippi.

The Christ of Paul differs greatly from the Jesus of the Gospels. The personality of the Nazarene seems to have counted but little in the thought of the great missionary. He boasts that he never saw him in the flesh, though he has a suspicion that he caught a glimpse of him once as a disembodied spirit, but he was not quite sure of that. We read these Epistles in vain to catch the echo of the Sermon on the Mount, to discover any evidence that the Beatitudes were often on the lips of Jesus. The most original elements in the New Testament, the most classic words of the great Nazarene leader, Paul seems to have been unacquainted with or at least unimpressed by. I refer, of course, to the matchless parables. Only once do we find a direct quotation on the part of Paul from the words of Jesus, a saying which Paul caught on the wing from some of the disciples, a priceless gem that has escaped all the historians. In an impassioned speech to the Ephesians, as reported in the Book of Acts, he is reported as reminding his hearers of the saying of the Master, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," a saying not found in the Gospels. Paul caught it on the wireless and saved it for us.

In the Epistles we see how the man Jesus, the Carpenter's Son, who went around Galilee "doing good," had already been transformed, caught up, transfigured into the "hope of the ages," the promised of the prophets. He is "the anointed," "the Christ," "the Messiah," for all three words mean the same thing. One is English, one is Greek, the other Hebrew. Here we also catch the spirit of the Nazarene incorporating itself in missionary fervor.

Who was this Paul? He was an ardent Jew, learned, emotional, and tireless. He was educated at the feet of the great Gamaliel; he was learned in the detailed history of his people and zealous for their good name. He first breaks on our view as the scholar who, while himself not aggressive, holds the cloaks of those who throw stones at Stephen, the first Christian martyr. This hopeful, passionate Jew starts out to suppress the heretical movement, to check this Nazarene madness. And then, because he was passionate and sincere, because he was a Jew, indoctrinated with the philosophy of the Jew, there came to him first the suspicion and then the conviction that Jesus was the promised Messiah and that in this heavenly visitant was the promise of the prophets realized. In such a man as Saul conviction meant action, and he sallied forth to speed the message, "The Messiah has come."

Before we try to see what Paul did see in "Christos," the anointed of God, let us think of the most interesting psychological fact in history. The greatest children of earth have always been the greatest hopers. The word prophet has been made to stand for a mere fortune teller. Writers have mistaken the word both etymologically and psychologically. The "prophet" is the man of vision, the in-seeing rather than the fore-seeing man. His foresigth comes from his insight. The history of religion is radiant with men who dared dream of a better order of things, who prophesied a "Redeemer," an inspired leadership. Look wherever we will we come upon this hope of the "Anointed of the Lord."

Zoroaster, living in the presence of military arrogance and monarchical conceits, taught us that the

time was coming when peasant and king would mingle together in social communion. The Roman bard predicted a time when master and servant would change places, and Isaiah saw the coming of the "Servant."

He shall cause laws to go forth to the nations.
He shall not fail nor become weary,
Until he shall have established justice on the earth,
And distant nations shall wait for his law.

Far away, back in the valley of the Ganges, some Hindu sage foresaw the coming of a divine incarnation,—

A god in the shape of man, who by his word will establish the reign of truth and justice and will purge the earth of sinners and it will be inebriated with prosperity and gladness.

And to this day emaciated devotees sitting under the palm trees on the banks of the sacred river, beat their breasts and wear away the hour with the cry:

When will the Helper come?
When will the Deliverer appear?

Even China, the standstill of the nations, the most conservative of peoples, long ago dreamed of a golden age hid in the womb of the future. An old Commentator on Confucius said:

We know that the Holy One shall be born upon the earth, yet he existed before anything was made. . . . The Holy One will unite in Himself the virtues of heaven and earth. By His justice the world will be re-established in the works of righteousness. He will labor and suffer much. He must pass the great torrent and its waves shall enter His soul.

This reinforcement of faith by prophecy is something much more virile than idle longings or luxurious dreaming of coming ease and plenty. The greatest prophet of Jewry, the sublime "Unknown" of the Babylonish captivity, foresaw the coming of one "who would cause nations to exalt and kings to shut their mouths before him." But he saw also that such an one must be

Despised and forsaken of men,
A man of sorrows and acquainted with disease;
One from whom men hide their faces,
Despised and esteemed not.
He shall bear our diseases,
And carry our pains,
And be esteemed as one stricken from above,
Smitten of God and afflicted.

These prophetic reassurances are not confined to the seers of the east or to the sacred pages of oriental bibles. Charles Sumner's "Prophetic Voices About America" is one of the great monographs in American literature. He shows how Columbus's inspiration came to him largely from studying the words of those who before him had

Dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

Fourteen hundred years before the great Admiral landed at San Salvador, Seneca wrote:

In tardy years the epoch will come in which the ocean will unloose the bonds of nature and the great earth will stretch out and the sea will disclose new worlds, nor will Thule be the most remote part of the globe.

At a still earlier date Strabo, the Greek geographer, ventured to say:

There may be in the same temperate zone two or more inebriated lands prolonged into the Atlantic Ocean.

Before the generous Spanish Queen pawned her jewelry, Pulci, an Italian poet, sang:

His bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.
Man shall descry another hemisphere,
Since to one common center all things tend;
To earth by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hang the starry spheres.
At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see, the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light.

After the new continent was revealed to Europe, prophecy came to reinforce faith with a foresight that now seems almost weird. Some humble poet, who is perhaps even yet unknown, sent to Sir Thomas Browne a prophetic song predicting the time—

When New England shall trouble New Spain,
When Jamaica shall be lady of the isle and the main;
When Spain shall be in America hid,
And Mexico shall prove a Madrid;
When Africa shall no more sell out their black,
To make slaves and drudges to the American tracts;
. . . . .
When America shall cease to send out its treasure
But employ it at home in American pleasure;
When the New World shall the Old invade,
Nor count them their lords but their fellows in trade.

This stirred the prophetic brain of the quaint Sir Thomas, and ninety-four years before the battle of Lexington he wrote a poetic commentary on "the shot heard round the world." Fifty years before the Declaration of Independence was signed, Bishop Berkeley sang his famous hymn of the distant lands that were waiting a better time.

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

The day after the signing of the Declaration of Independence John Adams wrote to his wife:

Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater perhaps never will be decided among men . . . I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized by pomp and parade, and shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever more. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these states. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the ray of light and glory; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transactions even though we should rue it, which I trust God we shall not.

[*John Adams' Works, Vol. I, pages 230-2.*]

And so I might go on finding in all literature and all times that primal hope which ripened in the heart of Paul into a great inspiration.

Dear Robert Burns predicted the Philadelphia Centennial ninety-eight years before it occurred. Arthur Young, an English writer on agriculture, predicted the French Revolution while the so-called foremost minds rested in their luxuries and their confidences. At the beginning of the last century William Cobbett, an Englishman, foretold the southern secession, and poor Heine, the tortured poet, predicted the Franco-German war. In 1832, in a little school house on what was then called "Nigger Hill" in Boston, twelve men organized the Anti-Slavery Society, and at that meeting William Lloyd Garrison, then a young man un-

known and unfeared, who was to become the great Isaiah of the movement, said:

> Our numbers are few and our influence limited, but mark my prediction: Faneuil Hall shall ere long echo with the principles we have set forth; we shall shake the nation by their mighty power.

He is a superficial student of human nature and an unsafe thinker who looks at these previsions in the Bible or out of it as only "happy guesses" or "chance hits." Rather are they the great shadows of coming events thrown back upon the sensitive plate of enkindled souls. They are the secrets of God made known to the God-like, not indeed whispered in the outward ear like pass-words at the lodge door, but divine presentiments of coming glory or shame felt by the soul that is in league with the Over-Soul. The forces that made the human heart are shaping the destinies of men and of nations, hence the free masonry that exists between the God-made because they are God-like.

"Second sight is little more than clearness of sight. Men who have loved much, felt strongly, see further than others," said Charles Sumner, and how nobly he verified his own hypothesis! Law governs the realm of mind as of matter. The same power that weighs force and measures space anticipates results and forecasts events. Adams in England and Leverrier in France, and perhaps others simultaneously declared the existence of the undiscovered planet Neptune, and when the Berlin astronomer pointed his telescope in the direction indicated, lo! there it was awaiting him. Whewell affirmed that there was a point in the North Sea where there was neither rise nor fall of the tide. Captain Hewett of the Royal English Navy went in search of that point and found it. Tyndall, lying in his tent, divined the secret of the glacier as a frozen river in motion. He then climbed the mountain, set his stakes, and in due time his discovery was verified.

This, then, was the great background of the conviction that came to Paul, the learned Jew, that he whom the prophets promised, for whom his people had long waited, the "Anointed of the Lord," who was to establish his Kingdom on earth, had really appeared in a personality which Paul had never seen, which apparently he did not need to know. With those immediate disciples who talked and walked and labored with the Man of Nazareth he seemed to have but slight interest and little intercourse.

But why did he lay hold of this "Christ"? Paul was no fool, no blind zealot. He had a highly organized mind and a soul sensitized through generations of religious inheritance.

First comes to his notice the power that transformed the face of the young lad Stephen. He died with a radiance upon his face that would not vanish from the soul of Saul until it had transformed him into Paul. He had seen Stephen die gloriously. He had consented to the brutal death, but the radiant face of the martyr haunted him.

Then came another fundamental thing in Paul's inspiration which fitted so splendidly into the promises of the prophets, viz., the promise of an inclusive kingdom, a message that over-reached the boundaries of race and language. Here was something that was good for Jew and Gentile, a something that could be transplanted from Galilee to Rome, from Jerusalem to Athens.

More than all these things was the assurance that the Kingdom was at hand, that the new régime was already here, that the promise of the ages was about to be realized. This message brought to Paul across the distance of three or four decades the story of the Resurrection, the translation and reappearance.

All this for his intellectual equipment. Here was something that had power to make men's lives heroic, something that reached out to all men, that promised to realize the prophecies of the past, the dawn of a new day. And this was authenticated by what was to Paul the supreme miracle. He did not care for the rest, the turning of water into wine, the blighting of the fig tree, even the healing of the sick, but the return after death, the assurance of the continued efficiency of the soul, these constituted Paul's stock in trade. These composed his message, and these were the draperies with which he clothed his Christ, who was no longer the son of Mary and Joseph but the Son of God, the Anointed of the Almighty, about to set up his kingdom on earth. These convictions, poured through so clear a spirit as Paul's, sent him forth to scatter broadcast this uncalculating faith among people who were weary of little gods, tired of empty forms, people who saw the Pantheons of Greece and Rome fading in the distance, disappearing in inefficiency. All this came with a mighty power. If you seek for the adequate cause of Christianity, as organized, instituted, established in history, you will find it in the Christ of Paul rather than in the Jesus of the Gospels.

What, then, are we to say of the Christ of Paul? That he was the fulfillment to Paul of the promises of Israel, one who came "in the fulness of time," as the old prophets had said. He came, a lineal descendant of King David and the prophets, and the kingdom they had promised he was about to establish. He disappeared only to appear again. Thus we find in Paul's Christianity the profound conviction of the second coming of the Master, and of the eligibility of all nations to a citizenship in his kingdom, and, just as clearly, his conviction that the conditions of membership in this kingdom were spiritual. There was nothing material, nothing military, nothing political in this kingdom. Paul needed no priests, he asked for no altars. He lived exalted on the mountain of hope, waiting momentarily for the flutter of angels' wings on the clouds and the descent of a heavenly fire that was to purge the world of grossness, purify earth of its sins, and make it a fitting place for the chosen of the Lord, the children of love and peace.

I am trying to keep this subject at arm's length. I am trying not to speak for myself this morning but in all modesty to speak for Paul as I understand him. Next Sunday I shall speak of the creeds of Christendom, which are not the inspirations of Paul, but the outgrowth of a later age. The Man of Nazareth was already being caught up into the skies, but he is still a messenger from a power higher up. He is not yet a person of the triune God, enthroned upon the seat of the universe, but he stands midway between heaven and earth, the Anointed of God, the Messiah, the Christ.

Clearly, Paul was disappointed at least in one respect. No angels appeared in his lifetime, no heavenly fire had yet descended. But back of the disappointment lies the everlasting truth which Paul stood

for and which accounts for the potency of his message, the contagion of his spirit, the power, historically considered, of the movement started by him which we call Christianity. He was profoundly right in three things. One of these things was that here was a message which applied to all people. He pleaded for Jew, Gentile, barbarian and Scythian. Little could he realize how far beyond the outermost limits of his geography his world-inclusive gospel, his universalism would reach. Jew, Gaul and Celt, black man, yellow man and red man, have all been brought under the sway of this universal message of Paul, to an extent that he himself could never have dreamed. He was right when he set his face against the nationalism of Peter and withstood him to his face. He was right when in Jerusalem he sheltered the fugitive Greek and barbarian, who were fleeing from narrowness into breadth.

A second thing in which Paul was right, this new religion was profoundly ethical. It was hitched to the moral law. It was not a thing of ceremonies and formulas, but of life.

Paul's letters, generally speaking, fall into two parts. The first part is the theological court where he argues his case. We may not follow him, we may not understand him, but he always closes with a great, splendid appeal to the ethical, with high concern for the moralities of his people. He pleads for the simplicities of life, for the purity of home, for the brotherliness of man.

It has been said that Calvin found his texts for twenty-five hundred sermons in the writings of Paul, and in these sermons he preached his Five Institutes, —the fall, predestination, total depravity, election and sanctification, though I am never quite sure of the five. They were all vital points of dogma, and he found his proofs in the texts of Paul. But over against this contribution of theology, be it good or bad, looms up the transcendant hymn of love, the great climax of Paul in the Corinthian chapter, the highest hymn in the Bible. Paul was right when, as Mr. Gould, professor in an Episcopal Theological School, in his recent book said, "He ethicized religion and spiritualized ethics." That was not an easy thing to do and it is not very well done yet.

If you study the history of religion you will realize that there was religion in the world centuries before religion became ethical. In the splendid Pantheon of the Greeks the divinities behaved very badly, their morals were not to be mentioned. All down through the ages you will find a lot of religion that is not ethical, and perchance you may find ethics that are not touched with spirituality. Paul wedded these two things together,—the emotions of spirituality with the dictates of conscience. That which summoned you into the presence of the Eternal, held you also to your human relations. Here he was eternally right.

And then was he not more right than wrong in his great dream—of an universal kingdom? This man, hunted, whipped, imprisoned, cast into the sea, the most dismally pursued man in history, always had a cheerful outlook. Surely he was right on this point also. No, the angels did not come on the clouds; no fire from on high came to purge away the dross of earth in one splendid conflagration. But he was right in his belief that good is to triumph and love to reign supreme. This old world of ours is to come more and more under the dominion of the eternal Justice and the everlasting Right. Not a few angels on the clouds, but nineteen centuries radiant under the flutter of angel wings, notwithstanding the gruesome history, notwithstanding the awful situation of today. Probably the truth is that never before was the world so near to the domination of love and good will as in these very days when the cannons roar and the explosions of the bombs render us deaf to the music of the angels.

I believe more than ever, I believe on account of the war and not in spite of it, that Paul's dream of the better kingdom, a universal kingdom right here on earth, is to be realized. He did not have a great hold of the things beyond the skies apparently. His new Jerusalem was to be on the earth, and I believe it is to come. His only mistake was in the time. He could not be expected to see everything. Like him we may miss the angels in the Christmas song, but we find them in ever increasing number when we apply ourselves to the study of history.

Call the roll of angel men and angel women in these nineteen hundred years, follow them on their missions of mercy into the dens of vice, into the places of suffering, into the lonely homes, by the bedsides of the sick and the broken in mind and heart, and even Paul's dream grows poor, inadequate, insufficient. He preached of that which was greater than he could understand, he anticipated that which was too profound for him to measure. The Kingdom of God on earth, coming through the inspired sons of God, touched with the sense of love and purity is coming.

I leave our study for today of "The Christ" with this thought, that Paul believed in the intangible, had faith in the power of mind over matter, of justice over wrong, of truth over error and that he died in that belief. He disappears from our view, probably went down in that anything but a heavenly conflagration which destroyed Rome under the rule of Nero. That wicked man attempted to cover his own political intrigues by causing many men to be put to death, and thus throw suspicion on this new movement. Perchance Paul went down in that first martyrdom in Rome. He saw not the consummation of his dream. But here, at the end of nineteen hundred years, we feel the throb of that Jewish heart; we bow our heads to receive the benediction of that kindly mind; we inherit his inherited task and try to realize in the light of modern science and wider scholarship his faith in the "Anointed of the Lord," the one sent from on high, in which faith he joined with all the radiant line of saints and prophets. From Zoroaster down to Charles Sumner, from Isaiah to Whittier, from Jeremiah to John Brown, they are all knit together by one bond of union, a faith in something better yet to come, a trust in that which is yet to be realized; the intangible triumphs of truth.

We thank Thee, Father, for the inspirations of history, the revelations of thyself that have come through thine illuminated ones. May we go forth from this place touched with the thought that we too are children of Thine and that Thy spirit works in us, with us, and through us evermore. Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XXVIII.

Prophets of Universal Religion

I. Immanuel Kant 1724-1804

Two things command my reverence: The starry heavens above, and the sense of ought within.
—Immauel Kant.

The prophets of universal religion, leaders of thought in the direction of universality, are fairly represented by Immanuel Kant in Germany, James Martineau in England, Ralph Waldo Emerson in America.

The lesson of Immanuel Kant is deep, fundamental and interesting. His is a name largely confined to the campus, and even there to those studying not as a stepping stone to a business or professional career, but in search of means to expand the mind, develop the soul, acquaint oneself with the history and philosophy of life and religion.

Immanuel Kant, one of the greatest thinkers of the world, did in philosophy what Copernicus did in natural science and Darwin in physical science. Darwin, by suggesting a new principle, broke up the whole fabric of previous scientific knowledge. He compelled us to look at creation not as a series of projections of divine power, but presented physical life on the globe as a continuous, never ending procession.

The problem of stating Kant's philosophy is a difficult and serious one, impossible to extemporize, and in attempting it one feels like one of George Eliot's characters of whom she said he knew all about the German philosophers except their philosophy. Prior to his time the Christian and Jewish, the only organized religions in Europe and America, rested on texts, on revelation and the credentials of that revelation were certain unexpected and unaccounted for phenomena. In other words, religion rested on miracle. Luther would say there was no immortality in sight unless Jesus rose from the dead. The Jew would say that the world would be godless, or floundering among false gods of the pagan world if the true God had not broken through the silences and expressed his will through Moses.

Philosophy has assumed a skeptical attitude, represented by such men as Locke in England and Rousseau in France, who taught that only through the senses do we know anything, hence, since all knowledge is inferential, the theory of special revelation would not of course hold. Kant wrote some books very difficult to read, but somehow he got below the miracle and behind the senses. His most noteworthy works are the "Critique of Pure Reason" and "Critique of Ethics." He said there is a universe of which man is conscious, his senses are conscious, and back and through his senses lie the realities with which the senses deal. Man's sensations are mixed with profound realities. There is a consciousness of time, space and cause apart from the senses, and in the ethical world there is something in the constitution of things that the senses work upon that answers for the sense of God, the sense of immortality and the sense of duty. On these postulates you have a foundation upon which you can build your universal religion, your philosophy, your politics.

This, then, is a hint of the movement that revolutionized the thought of Europe; charmed and inspired a brilliant set of philosophers, represented by Fichtó, Hegel, Schlegel and others, and which crossed the oceans into England and into America, making a Thomas Carlyle and a Ralph Waldo Emerson. It gave to us the word that was first hooted, then dismissed as moonshine, thin air, and finally treated as a dangerous something that turned the world upside down,—"transcendentalism." The critics, especially those of the pulpit, said there was nothing in it, illustrated by the incident told by Frederick Hosmer. He once had a little girl friend of five or six years old who would haunt his study. One day she told him that she knew something he didn't, and when urged to say what it was, proceeded to tell in a very orthodox manner the story of the Christ Child. Mr. Hosmer said, "Well, well; how did you find that out?" bringing the quick response, "I always knowed it."

Kant himself is a curious and delightful study. He was born in Königsberg on the borderland of Russia. His father was a Scotchman, a harness maker, whose business had been started by his grandfather. His mother was a German, a woman of remarkable power and wisdom, who recognized that she had a problem to raise this frail boy, one of a family of six children, and she gave him special care, both physically and mentally. On their daily walks she called his attention to the beauties of the wayside, taught him of the birds and the flowers. Neither was his religious life neglected and he had all the environment that makes for a beautiful life. He was not five feet tall, a crooked little man, so poorly housed that only his wonderfully wise mother and his own marvelous control of himself made it possible for him to live at all, and still he rounded out eighty years. He went through the University of Königsberg hand over hand, literally knew everything that was to be known, but the university did not know how to use him and he never got farther than a "docent," a recognized tutor. He lived a very quiet life, never married, never traveled more than fifty or sixty miles from home.

His first conquests were in the fields of physical science and his first publications were on mathematical and astronomical subjects. He figured out and told where Uranus was before human eye had ever seen it and where Herschel with his big glass had been looking for it, and who put it on record that Kant had made his discovery by the cold logic of figures.

Kant's theory of philosophy was no sooner settled than others took it up and elaborated and modified it, and suddenly he sprang into phenomenal poularity. Herder Fiché and others hurried to do him honor. People would walk a hundred miles just to see him and in his weakness and old age he had to consent

to stand in his door at a certain hour each day that people might see him.

In addition to his recognized philosophical works Kant wrote the first great peace tract in modern literature. "Eternal Peace" is a great classic which anticipated everything that has been said since and which in itself will some day justify the reverence which succeeding generations have shown him.

Kant was immeasurably interested in democracy and watched both the American and French revolutions. The story is told that at one time he was in a group of Germans in which there happened to be an Englishman by the name of Green, who were discussing the American Revolution. Kant declared himself in sympathy with the Colonists and the Englishman became indignant. Kant told Green that he was not informed; that the revolution was a great movement for democracy which was bound to triumph over the mistaken English government. He suggested that they talk it over, unfolding to him the philosophy of democracy in such a way that he not only won him over but laid the foundation of a lasting friendship. It is said that Kant never printed a sentence of "The Critique of Reason" without having first read it to Mr. Green.

His life was one of severe but beautiful routine in which a limited number of intimate friends shared. Every day at four o'clock Mr. Green would leave his business and call on Kant. Finding him asleep he would slip into another chair and go to sleep. Shortly a third friend would do the same and at five o'clock a fourth would wake them up. The four would then go to supper, after which they would separate, Kant would walk alone until seven, then work until exactly ten o'clock, when he would retire and rise exactly at five o'clock.

De Quincy has gathered in his writings a chapter which he called "The Last Days of Immanuel Kant," containing a brief introduction by De Quincy himself stating the main facts. He has collated and printed almost without change a most marvelously detailed story of Kant's last years by one of the friends who attended him for love's sake, Wasianski, a former pupil, who has told us in perhaps seventy-five or a hundred pages a very charming story of this man.

Kant had two indulgences. He liked coffee and a pipe, but limited himself to one small smoke a day and to one small cup of coffee, but wanted it served just at the right time and in the right way. It is told that he wrote directions for a simple funeral, but when remonstrated with, said, "Do as you think best," and his funeral was a very elaborate one, ending in the Cathedral with a grand musical service. His remains were placed in the academic vault where he now rests.

In our own minds and those of the children we want to connect Immanuel Kant's name with the profound philosophical truth and equally appealing religious sentiment, full of piety and poetry, of our text: "Two things command my reverence: The starry heavens above, and the sense of ought within." Kant made scientific thought religious and our modern "higher criticism" is rooted in his teaching in that he made organic what heretofore had been supernatural.

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QUESTIONS.

(1) Who were Kant's contemporaries?
(2) What famous men were his followers?
(3) What are his most famous books?
(4) What was Kant's contribution to world peace?

EVOLUTION

One who—
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.
—Robert Browning.

1
I hear the song of early spring
In Childhood's happy day,
When April's sun and rain brought forth
The flowers that bloomed in May,—

2
White trillium with all her train
Of early smiles of spring,
Wild violet, and windflower too,
That by the wayside sing.

3
And all the woodland silences
That filled the air with song
Foretold the coming harmonies,
A right for every wrong.

4
For silently that little bud
Bespeaks the coming flower,
And silently the Moral Sense
Foretells the coming hour.

5
When better days and better ways
Await the coming life,
For better days and better ways
Will end all bitter strife.

6
Note now how well that tiny seed,
Equipped with wings to suit,
In silence and in certainty
Will climb to flower and fruit.

7
Note too how well the Moral Sense,
Whatever the condition,
In silence and in certainty
Will find its full fruition.

8
The Moral Sense in every breast
Is our Divining rod,
It leads with no uncertain aim,
It is the Voice of God.

9
Above the cannon's deadly roar,
And burst of shot and shell,
We hear through all the "still small voice,"
We know its accents well.

10
No victor then shall claim the spoils,
No vanquished, bleeding lie,
When all shall learn the higher law
And brothers grow thereby.

11
Now nation unto nation calls
Across the stormy seas,
And undertone of hope and faith
Is borne on every breeze.

12
Then hope we may, and trust we must,
Some late October day,
That in the onward march of life
We'll learn the better way.

Seattle, Wash., June 7, 1917. LOUISE M. DUNNING.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

SUNDAYS AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Two months of our summer's vacation are gone, and while the "airs and outdoor sights" have been sweeping "gradual gospels into your souls" at beautiful Tower Hill, we who have remained in the city more or less steadily have also found renewal of life, chief factor of which has been the summer services at Lincoln Centre.

There are no invidious comparisons when I say that the summer services were never more satisfying nor better attended than during this summer, so far, and each Sunday's service has brought its own peculiar blessing, no small influence of which has been due to the music.

With the exception of three Sundays, Mr. Burns, as announced, has occupied the pulpit, today being his last for the year. Those who have read the sermons of his which have appeared in UNITY do not need to be told anything about their merit.

The three services at which Mr. Burns could not be present were ably conducted by Rev. Mr. Taylor, pastor of Unity Church of Oak Park, and by Professors Jenkins and Foster of the University of Chicago. Professor Jenkins is a member of the Society of Friends, whose sermon, naturally, while on the topic of the "Friends' attitude toward the war," was more on the peace than the *war* side of the question, and stated very clearly the position of his society at all war times.

And by a strangely happy accident our soloist, Miss Grace Poole, chose that morning for her part of the service a beautiful song, "In My Father's House," which followed *verbatim* the scriptural text, ending, you remember, with "Peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you." And so it has been all summer. Each song chosen by Miss Poole has so perfectly fitted into the thought of the speaker that anyone would imagine it had been previously arranged. In not one instance was it so. Miss Poole possesses a voice of rare quality, her trained handling of it approaching perfection. As soul-satisfying as have been the sermons, we are greatly indebted to our musicians, Miss Poole and Mr. Cock, the latter having handled our beautiful organ as enjoyably as Miss Poole has her voice. I think you will all agree with me that Miss Poole is gifted with almost uncanny intuition in the selection of her solos when I tell you of two other instances. Doctor Foster's subject was "Dare We be Christians?" and he gave a powerful and soul-searching discourse and a keenly analytical view of alleged Christianity. Miss Poole's solo was entitled "The Publican." It embraced the four verses in the Luke gospel of the two prayers—the Pharisee's and Publican's — very dramatically though simply compassed, ending with the phrase "Be thou merciful to me, a sinner."

Could there have been a more fitting selection? When I tell you, also, that during the sumer order of the services the solo *precedes* the sermon, you will allow it does seem a coincidence. So it has gone until today. The solo was a beautiful arrangement of the Twenty-third Psalm, and can you believe it? Mr. Burns had chosen the very same portion of Scriptures—the whole Psalm —as the basis of his last talk to us—and it was a fine one. Mr. Burns is a studious, growing thinker, who, I believe, is destined to achieve a big work. He carries away with him the deep gratitude of all who have heard him these two summers he has served All Souls Church, which sends its blessing after him.

A beautiful summer in many ways, in which we have been refreshed through quiet, friendly intercourse and the reading of a few great books, of which I shall have to tell you later.

"A good book and a shady nook" and "Rocks and rills and templed hills" are mighty alluring in week days, but somehow something is lost from the week for me unless I "go up to the Sanctuary on the Sabbath day," and I am greatly refreshed thereby—thanks to the prophets and the poets and musicians who have contributed to life's warp and woof. M. B. P.

TOWER HILL LETTER.

After two years of unforgetting absence, Tower Hill was a truly welcome sight, and a month of peace, physical, mental, spiritual, spent in the shades of its oaks and pines in the company of the birds, should fit one well for a twelve-month of royal service in whatever field one has volunteered or been taken by conscription.

Very noticeable after the long absence was the growth in shrubbery and tree dimensions, even the great oaks and pines showing a development which, while it eclipsed some of the river and prairie view, one could forgive because it was a tree that did it. Besides, after making a camera in one's heart for twenty years, one ought to see almost as well as ever the few concealed patches of river, wood and prairie stretching away to the horizon line made of hills and sky, sometimes clear and sometimes blue with mist, but always bewitching.

This summer but few old friends and very few new ones have found their way to the Hill. It has been little more, —though never less,—than a family party that has gathered in the big dining hall for those delicious meals compounded largely of the fruits of the home garden, the yield of the herd of Guernseys at the foot of the Hill, and the poultry yard close by. But there are many compensations for diminished numbers, as the tired and the stupid and the lovers of quiet know.

There is one road to Tower Hill, but it leads to many, and all of them climb "over the hills and far away." Most days "the little road says stay," for there are trees and flowers and birds and books and river and sky enough to satisfy the soul, not to speak of the human companionship which is always at hand when there is nothing better to do. But often, too, "the little road says go," and then, by foot, if you are rich enough to possess the priceless strength and the will to use it, by auto if you are too poor in bodily vigor or too greedy to be satisfied with as much of a country lane as you can reach with the primitive resources of feet instead of wheels, away you go for an hour or a day of as much beauty as the Great Artist ever made and tucked away into the limited space you will be able to compass in your finity of time. The roads are greatly improved within the memory of man and, even at this distance from the metropolis, the autos keep you alert to avoid a crash, and you are about as likely to meet a horse and wagon as an eohipps and bobsled. War gardens are numerous,—may they speedily turn into peace gardens and multiply until we have fully learned our much-needed lesson of thrift which we are now being taught at such a fearful cost. Numerous fields of yellow grain, mostly harvested and standing in shocks, herds of ruminating cows and great numbers of newly built capacious barns testify to the industry and to far more than the accustomed farmer's prosperity.

One of these rides, according to custom, ended at Lone Rock with the annual reunion,—this time the forty-second,—of the Sixth Wisconsin "Battery boys." Just as the attack was

made on the dinner, which was served soldier-fashion in the tent, unexpected reinforcements came up, including the entire army post from ———, which saved the day and added to the good cheer of the occasion. And they were a cheerful crowd of "boys," though most of them have passed the line of three-score and ten. But the roll-call was a solemn rite almost sacramental in its tenderness, for the ranks grow thinner year by year, and this year eight comrades have fallen out of the line, the last of the eight having been one of the most loved and revered, the Hon. Evan Evans of Spring Green, more commonly and affectionately known among his comrades as "Evie Evans."

Although the formal exercises of the summer school were dispensed with this summer for various reasons, there were frequent porch readings and talks given by the Master of the Hill. New poets were read, new and old problems discussed, and the usual *un*-unanimities of opinion developed. One of these sessions was given to Lincoln, and some interesting and as yet unpublished biographical matter disclosed. Among the poets new or partially so to the Hill were Rupert Brooke and Ledwidge, the "poet of the blackbirds," both of whose voices have been silenced on the battle fields of Europe, and the Irish Yeats, whose comedy, "A Pot of Broth," was read with all its own Celtic humor preserved in the rendering and its capacity demonstrated for effective use by amateur players. Perhaps more than one secret resolve was made to speed it on its way to larger audiences than this.

For the sake of the young and light-minded of the party, Arthur Guiterman was given his due in readings from "The Laughing Muse," where, notably in the attempts of a mere man to match a sample of lavender ribbon for his bride and in the same man's later and still more thrilling experience in buying an automobile with cushions padded with "hand-picked monkey's hair," we found Lewis Carrol out-Carroled and Alice in Wonderland companioned. Margaret Widdemer, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, and Florence Earle Coates were sampled with other modern song birds in passing, but had a vote been taken the writer suspects that Sara Teasdale would have been elected poet laureate for Tower Hill for 1917, with her "Wood Song," which should have been made on Tower Hill:

I heard a wood-thrush in the dark
Twirl three notes and make a star—
My heart that walked in bitterness
Came back from very far.
Three shining notes were all he had,
And yet they made a starry call—
I caught life back against my breast
And kissed it, scars and all.

And her "Refuge" is as fine as anything of Emily Dickinson's, with an added charm all her own.

But some said the best of all was the vesper reading given by request to Henry Van Dyke's "Toiling of Felix." For some of the party it was near the end of the rest time, and perhaps there are few lines more fitting and inspiring for a vacation ending and a work beginning than these:

This is the gospel of labor, ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-curst soil,
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of Earth is toil.

And Tower Hill has become once more a Memory and a Hope.

E. H. W.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Aug. 26, 1917.

EMERGENCY CHILD LABOR DURING THE WAR.

In spite of the warning from England against the reckless use of children in time of war the movement to suspend protective legislation has already made itself felt in this country. Before the war was five weeks old four states, Connecticut, Minnesota, New Hampshire and Vermont had given some official or commission power to suspend the labor laws during the war. A few weeks later Massachusetts passed a similar law, although more carefully safeguarded, and only the governor's veto saved the labor laws of New York State. A law was passed in New York, however, exempting from school attendance April 1 to November 1, children who engage in agricultural work, and California gave the State Board of Education power to shorten the school term "when necessary for agricultural or horticultural purposes." In other states, children have been excused from school to engage in farm work without the formality of legislation.

The federal law fixes the age limit of children at fourteen and this is the limit in practically all the states for all occupations. Some states permit a twelve year limit in case of poverty and for certain occupations. Wisconsin has a twelve year limit in vacation for stores and California for all occupations.

In the hasty enactment of this legislation little or no consideration was given to the fact that laws for the protection of children have not been adopted arbitrarily but are based on physiological laws which no state of war renders less true and therefore less necessary. No child under 14 is old enough or developed enough to leave school for employment in a factory, cannery or store, and there are many children of 14 who are not strong enough to work at all or can work only in light occupations. There are many hazardous occupations in which no young people under 16 or 18 should be engaged, and night work or working day in excess of 8 hours are both harmful in their effect on children under 16.

These are some of the reasons back of our child labor laws. England thought herself forced to ignore them under the necessity of increasing her output, only to find that she was using up her labor force more rapidly than she was increasing her munitions, and that the laws safeguarding labor were based, not on sentiment, but on sound common sense. She also found that other child protective measures hastily set aside would have to be restored. Thousands of children were excused from school to work on the farms as well as in the factories; children under 6 were turned out of the schools for economy's sake; recreation centers were closed, settlement classes were discontinued, special classes in the schools were abolished, and child protective societies discontinued. The country then woke up to the fact that many children were being needlessly sacrificed because the supply of female labor was not exhausted, and that the complete breakdown of the schools and child welfare organizations had resulted in a striking increase in juvenile delinquency. She is now working strenuously to re-establish her educational system.

After three years of war England is recommending, not further exemptions from her compulsory education laws, but a more stringent law than she had before the war. "We are learning many things in this great and terrible day of judgment through which our nation is passing," said the head of one of England's large high schools. "Not the least among these truths which the stern logic of common events is cutting into the common mind of us all is the paramount value of the children of the nation. Thus we realize that as the children are the nation's future, we must see to it that they are fit to inherit so great a responsibility."

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